# [fic] Communication; or a lack of it

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**Title:** Communication; or a lack of it
**Fandom:** Supernatural.
**Rating:** PG.
**Warnings:** Silliness, mpreg, Gabriel being grumpy.
**Pairings/Characters:** Gabriel/Castiel.
**Word Count:** 1,246 words.
**Summary:** Castiel must be joking. It must be a prank of some kind. Obviously. ...Right?
**Note:** Written for the meme and prompt here, and it got long so I'm also posting it here.

**( Pregnant? I didn't know you did jokes, Castiel. )**

- Current Mood: lonely

"Pregnant? I didn't know you did jokes, Castiel."

Castiel froze, then debated the merits of running. Possibly engaging in time travel if possible. Then perhaps he could avert the situation entirely.

But - no escape. Gabriel's interest was aroused, and he lowered the chocolate bar, attention on Castiel. "You're joking, right?"

"I am not," Castiel continued after a long pause. "You are pregnant."

Gabriel gave him a long look, then tried a laugh that didn't quite make it. "Good one, Castiel. Go and tell Dean it worked."

Castiel shifted and continued to look serious. He didn't like this reaction, but he supposed it made sense - he hadn't believed the news either when he heard it.

"And I suppose you have proof, or - "

"You joined me seven nights ago," Castiel interrupted. "For a drink. We imbibed

enough alcohol to become drunk. I...remember parts of our copulation."

"Okay, that's enough." Gabriel tried a grin, even as he snapped the chocolate away. "Great joke. You can stop now."

"Gabriel, I am not joking."

"Then how are you so confident about this!?" Gabriel's grin was gone entirely.

"Father spoke to me." Castiel said quietly, squaring his shoulders. "This is not an attempt at humor, Gabriel."

Gabriel stared at him, stared at his stomach, and surprised Castiel not in the least when he vanished.

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Castiel tracked Gabriel down three days later, and found him in a tacky apartment. He was curled up on the couch nursing a tub of ice cream and offering spoonfuls to the little dog on the seat next to him. The television was also on.

"Go away," Gabriel said, and pointedly put another spoonful of ice cream (mint chocolate chip) into his mouth.

Castiel touched the television, turning it off forcefully. Dialogue about a 'Vitameatavegamin girl' would not help him talk to Gabriel seriously.

"Get out, Castiel."

"We need to talk."

"Yeah yeah yeah. Later. Bye." Gabriel snapped and blinked when Castiel didn't vanish. He snapped again, and again, and narrowed his eyes.

"Father informed me this would happen too." Castiel said, and approached the couch - the dog growled at him. "Gabriel."

"Down, boy." Gabriel muttered, then put the ice cream down. "What is there to talk about? Nothing exciting happens for a couple months, and - "

Castiel pursed his lips, debated briefly on what he was going to do, then leaned in and kissed Gabriel.

He kept it short, and straightened a moment later. "I don't want you to be alone for this, Gabriel."

"Did Dad put you up to this, too?"

"No." Castiel frowned. "Is it that difficult to believe that I want to be with you,

Gabriel?"

"I'm fantastic company." Gabriel leaned back, sarcastic thick and acid. "Just the person you want to hang out with all day, for fun and harmless games, that's me."

Castiel frowned, then moved in and kissed Gabriel again.

"Oh, st - "

"Gabriel, I am not lying to you. Let me stay for now. Please?"

"...Fine." Gabriel grumped and resumed his ice cream, and pointedly turned the TV back on as Castiel sat next to him.

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"Are you going to do anything other than watch television?" Castiel asked a week later.

"No."

"Why?"

"It's the perfect way to avoid talking to you."

"This isn't helping, Gabriel."

"Am I still pregnant?"

"Yes."

"Then you can keep your comments to yourself."

"A pregnancy is usually something to celebrate."

"This is Dad's idea of karmic justice." Gabriel says. "And his perverse sense of humor."

"*Gabriel*."

"If I'm going to resemble a whale, then damn well get to do whatever the hell I want."

"...You want to be alone."

"He can be taught!"

Castiel nodded, and got up, vanishing.

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It didn't take long before Gabriel found himself missing Castiel's company.

But, archangels being prideful beings, Gabriel didn't even think of calling Castiel back. Not without a really good excuse, and perhaps not even then.

Unfortunately for the states of Oregon, Montana and Idaho, Gabriel had poor coping mechanisms, and a string of messy-yet-creative deaths followed in his wake.

Sometimes the people who died even deserved it.

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Castiel follows Gabriel, and the fear and nerves from when he first delivered the original news to Gabriel are entirely gone. He's had a while to think about what he's going to do, and now -

Gabriel murders a man by filling his lungs with gold.

It's not his favorite option, but this can't continue.

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Gabriel whistles a jaunty tune as he wanders down the sidewalk, casually littering and opening a new pack of M&Ms at the same time. He grins at a red M&M and tosses it into his mouth.

"Much, much better," he murmurs to himself, and ignores the still-haunting memory of Castiel kissing him without any prompting. He's good at reading intent in kisses, see, and what he saw there…well, he's used to running by now.

An orange M&M, then a blue, then he rips the bag in two and laughs as M&Ms fly everywhere.

There's a screech as cars brake, and horns, and - the M&Ms vanish, as if they were never there.

It's all the warning he gets before Castiel is there and touching his forehead.

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"Was that really necessary?" Gabriel asks before he opens his eyes. "Is *this* really necessary?" He adds, once he confirms that yes: he is tied to a bed. Chained to a bed, actually.

Castiel is standing over him, and Gabriel blinks a few times, because he can't be reading him right: there's open concern on his face.

"Well," Gabriel says at last. "This is interesting."

"I want you to understand, Gabriel." Castiel says. "As you have been stubborn in this, I have been forced to this extreme."

"I got that." Gabriel nods to the chains. "You're lucky I'm in a good mood right now. I don't like being confined."

Castiel kisses him again, and takes his time about it. Lips and teeth and tongue and Castiel breaks to nip at Gabriel's lip, listening to Gabriel's soft gasps.

"What are you up to - "

Castiel kisses him again.

This time, when Castiel breaks the kiss, he undoes one of the chains, letting Gabriel's left arm go free.

"Castiel."

"I care about you," Castiel says. "I want to stay with you, and as this child is mine as well I want to raise him with you."

Gabriel eyes him, then tugs on the other chain. "Great. Let me free?"

Castiel shakes his head; sighs; and leans over Gabriel, putting his hand down flat on the bed to support him.

"Do you think I am joking, Gabriel?"

"Yup." Gabriel says, which is an out-and-out lie.

"I am not." Castiel says, and kisses him again.

"...ah - are you going to kiss me into believing you?"

"Yes."

Gabriel hms, and shifts, then tilts his head up. Gears in his mind are turning, and something is bending. "Have at me. I happen to like kissing."

"Do you believe me?" Castiel asks.

"Kiss me again and I'll tell you." Gabriel says, and if there is something fond in his voice, alongside the amusement...

Castiel kisses him instead of asking about it, and Gabriel folds his free arm around Castiel, dragging him down on top of him.

"Gabriel - "

"I'm going to want more than you can give, Castiel." Gabriel says, holding on. "But you know what? I believe you. So shut up and kiss me again."

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